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OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

William Booth, Founder

Bramwell Booth, General

Henry C. Hodder, Commissioner



Lo! a new creation dawning,
Lo! I rise to life divine,
In my soul an Easter morning,
I am Christ's and He is mine.

Makers of Western Canada

The Romantic Story of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Part it Has Played in the Development of the Great West

By ROBERT WATSON, Editor "The Beaver"

Author of "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman," "The Spoilers of the Valley," etc., etc.

THE history of the Hudson's Bay Company is of progress with the Hudson's Bay Company now as it was then.

THE history of those brave and gallant gentlemen is the history of Canada itself, than which there is none more romantic.

Born in a period of romance and adventure, the very name, "The Company of Gentlemen Adventurers of England," conveys much more than mere business as we have grown to recognise it today; it is the a venturing into the unknown, quest, and with high moral standards, while the Company

blazed for the teachers and missionaries who followed. Not all, it is true, but very many of these

pioneers were men of strong religious convictions and of a much earlier period—are

here noted, and from them it will be seen that the use of spirituous liquors was generally dis-
courteous by the Company and, in fact, after the opposition of the North-West Company was removed, they introduced what looks like the first prohibition movement in Canada.

That the Indians be treated with kindness and indulgence, and mild conciliating means resorted to in order to encourage industry, repress vice and inculcate morality, that the use of spirituous liquors be gradually discontinued in the few districts in which it is yet indulged in, and that the Indians be liberally supplied with the necessities, particularly with the articles of ammunition, whether they have the means of paying for it or not and that no Gentleman in charge of Districts or Posts be at liberty to alter or vary the standard or usual mode of trade with the Indians, except by special permission of the Council."

"Resolved—That for the moral and religious improvement of the Servants and more effectual civilisation and instruction of the families attached to the different establishments, and the Indians, that every Sunday, divine service be publicly read, with becoming solemnity, either once or twice a day, to be regulated by the number of people, at which every man, woman and child resident will be required to attend, together with any of the Indians who may be to hand and whom it may be proper to invite."

"That in the course of the week, due attention be bestowed to furnish the women and children such regular and useful occupation as is suited to their ages and capacities, and be also calculated to suppress vicious and promote virtuous habits."

Today the Company operates eleven great department stores throughout Western Canada—in great centres

which, only a few short years ago, were mere trading posts in the heart of the wilds. Winnipeg—a romance in itself—has grown from the handful of sturdy Scots, the Selkirk settlers, who came out in 1811 with no clear

vision of what was ahead of them, but accepting the suggestion for the improvement of their material condition and obeying the romantic urge which seems to be part of the Scottish temperament.

This great Company has had two hundred trading posts in the great long north lands, seventeen of which are amid the eternal ice and snows within the Arctic Circle.

Romance! It is not dead, nor sleeping, not even in business; and it still calls the young apprentice clerk from his quiet home the Motherland to the vast Northlands of Canada, and, in obedience to the call, he goes and remains at his post; makes his life's work of it, and in time, perhaps becomes a district manager over an area more extensive than his own native land. Nor would he dream of changing his lot for the rush and tumult of the city life he knew in his younger days. The lure of the open spaces, the silent places, the contact with nature, with rugged humanity, are in his being, tingling in his blood, the spirit of romance is a live and throbbing part of him.



Landing of the Selkirk Settlers, Red River, 1812

There must have been the spirit of romance at work in Pierre Radisson to lead him, when a mere lad, forth from the stockade of Three Rivers, on the St. Lawrence, and in both him and Groseilliers when they were prompted to undergo hardships and privation in the great Canadian wildernesses, time after time, although buffeted and discouraged, although despoiled repeatedly by the French Colonial Government of their hard-earned rewards, the furs which they had brought back with them.

A desire for gain, surely, but not that alone, occasioned the fitting out of the "Eagle" and the ketch "Nonsuch" in June, 1668. Romance, that alluring yet exacting taskmistress—the secret of Britain's greatness—was behind pushing the enterprise, and in front beckoning it on.

If we would take romance in its broad sense and embrace in it the love of adventure, then surely it was romance that sent the gallant Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de la Verendrye west, and still farther west into the unknown, and sent also his son and other brave fellows to an early death, victims of the Sioux scalping knives and the many other dangers they encountered.

This same spirit imbued Samuel Hearne, a Londoner, a boy of seventeen, an explorer when most lads of his age were at high school or serving their apprenticeships, when he ventured out to almost certain death from a dozen different dangers: savage Indians, wild animals, starvation, cold, drowning and death. Beaten back repeatedly in a manner reckoned to break the heart of the stoutest and most hardened, yet he ventured forth again with undiminished courage till the gleam, the vision, the romantic urge, brought him at last to the Coppermine River on the Arctic ocean; not his real objective, it is true, yet mortalling his name and accomplishing invaluable work in exploration and discovery—Coppermine river, the Arctic ocean and the Athabasca country, a region in all as large as half of European Russia.

There was little of financial gain to Hearne, to Alexander Mackenzie and Simon Fraser, of the North-West Company later merged into the Hudson's Bay Company—for their daring and their enterprise, but there must have been the eternal inward satisfaction of "something attempted, something done" in obedience to the command of the spirit of quest and conquest.

Romance belongs to no age, no race, no creed, but it has ever been a British heritage and, as surely as it played its part in the years gone by, so surely does it claim its place in the affairs of men today and that same spirit of romance is the beacon light

they represented was at all times firm in its command for proper religious observance, adequate educational instruction and the moral uplift of the natives; for, after all, it was in their own interests to keep the native hunters and trappers happy, contented and in perfect physical condition to perform their duties as it was to them chiefly that the Company had to look for their supplies of furs which constituted the main item of their business.

One of the earliest of these religious missionaries, the Rev. John West, was brought out by the Hudson's Bay Company, in October of 1820, and others of different denominations were brought out later, from time to time. In the absence of missionaries, the Company's factors were empowered to perform marriage ceremonies and to issue certificates of marriage which were always regarded as binding.

The old rules and regulations of the Company in regard to the religious, moral and social welfare of those under their charge make interesting reading, and a few extracts from those issued as far back as 1835—probably copied then from standing

“WITHOUT THE GATE” : A Thought for Good Friday

BY THE GENERAL

THE sacrifice of Jesus was most wonderful and glorious in its obedience and self-surrender. That is the law of all true sacrifice. He was fulfilling the ancient Jewish law which sent the sin offerings away outside the city. He was also yielding Himself for the sake of others to a cruel and shameful death—a death surrounded by all those circumstances of reproach and disgrace which can make death dreadful.

“Without the gate.” That was where they burned the bodies of the beasts no longer required in the service of the Tabernacle—where they cast out the offal and refuse. “Without the gate”—that was where the criminals were executed—where the outcasts were left to perish. All the associations of the place reeked with contempt and shame. And it was there, right in the midst of all that belonged to death and all which was most forlorn in life, that Jesus plunged in order to carry out the dear purpose of His heart—that He might sanctify the people with His Blood and put away sin by the suffering and abandonment of Himself.

He made Himself of no reputation and was obedient even unto death—this horrible death of the Cross. There was no other way. Evil does not favour sacrifice for its own recovery. The world has no real sympathy even with those who lose all for its sake. It will not help them to die for its sin. It will rather make dying as dark and difficult a business as it possibly can. It rejoices in its own iniquity and hates the ways of those who are ready to suffer for its deliverance.

So Jesus Christ found it. So the whole rough way of Calvary spread before Him on that first Good Friday. He must go step by step to bitterness and death “without the gate” of Jerusalem for the sake of all us poor outcasts from God who were like to be shut out for ever of the gates of Heaven. The world made Him an outcast because He was determined to save the outcasts. The people cast Him out and

“Jesus also that He might sanctify the people with His own Blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth, therefore, unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach” (Hebrews xiii. 12, 13).

“But now . . . He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself” (Hebrews ix. 26).

crucified Him because He was seeking to save those who were already cast out into the darkness, who were lost in the wilderness, who

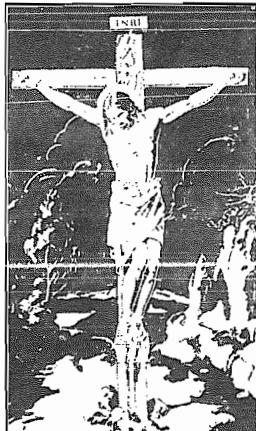
were in deed and in truth without the camp.

But the Apostle says in his wonderful letter to the Hebrews that just as Jesus went to suffer for us without the gate we ought to go forth to Him bearing His reproach. There is a call to us not only to profit by the Cross but to share the Cross. We also are to go to the place of shame and derision “without the camp.” We are to share with Jesus the reproaches of the doubters and the revilers and the crucifiers.

Why? What does it mean? Where will this call lead us? Is not the answer to that question simply this?—*that we must go out there for the same reason that He went.* We are to be one with Him bearing the reproach of the outcasts for the sake of the outcasts. Just as He was willing to be the great Outcast we are to be ready for the same sacrifice for the same cause.

Isaiah foretold of Jesus that He would set up an ensign for the nations and assemble the outcasts. David said, “*The Lord doth build up Jerusalem He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.*” Yes, that is it. Hallelujah! He has set up His ensign and our Jerusalem is being built up by the great Outcast who will Himself gather together there the outcasts of every name and nation.

Come along and help Him! Come and share the toil! Come and join in the witnessing! Come and let your light shine before men! Come and stand for Christ alone! Come and go with Jesus outside the camp where dwell the outcasts, bearing His reproach, and warn them and bring them in—the backsliders and the God-forgetters and the broken-hearted, and the scoffers and the unclean and the untrue—yes, bring them in that they may be cleansed and sanctified and that the City of God may be builded, not with corruptible things, but with living stones which shall remain for ever and ever.



The Girl who Came Back

Brokenhearted by Double Bereavement and Deception she Sank to Great Depths but was Aroused to seek Divine Aid through the Playing of an Army Band
By STAFF-CAPTAIN S. A. CHURCH

IT WAS Easter Sunday in a Canadian village, and the bells of the three churches with which it was blessed were pealing vigorously, announcing to the good folks of the place that service time was drawing nigh. Towards the Presbyterian kirk, in particular, a goodly crowd was hastening, for the settlers in that part of the country were mainly of Scotch descent, and clung tenaciously to the faith of their fathers. Many of them overtook a young couple, and did not fail to exchange pleasant greetings with them. It was Angus McLean and his fair young bride, Jessie, and they were appearing out of this Sunday's pageant, the custom in those parts. How proud Angus felt with her by his side, and how happy was Jessie, as she clung to his arm and felt that now she had one whom she could love and respect.

This young girl had an affectionate nature, and, until she met Angus, had lavished all her love and care on her old widowed mother, to whom she had clung like ivy to a church tower. She did not allow her love for the stalwart young Scotch-Canadian, however, to lessen her devotion to her mother, and during what proved to be her last illness, she had tended her with all a daughter's loving care. Before she died, the old lady had laid her hands upon the heads of the young couple and given them her blessing. A year later they had taken each other "for better, for worse," and were on the gloomy Easter Sunday, as knelt together in the little church and genuinely gave thanks to God for all His goodness and mercy. Everything seemed bright and rosy to the young couple, and it seemed to them so fitting that they should be celebrating Easter on the Sunday after their marriage, for they had begun life together.

By the following Easter, a new joy had come into Jessie's life, for a beautiful baby girl was born to her. She was a proud and happy mother, and all the world seemed bright. Then a dark shadow fell across her pathway. One day Angus met with a terrible accident, and they brought him home to her—dead. Poor Jessie, her grief was terrible. Days and nights of unspeakable agony followed, when a sense of utter loneliness oppressed her and almost made her life unendurable. At such times she would snatch her babe from its crib, fold it to her bosom, and look long and lovingly into the innocent little face. Then she would resolve to bravely face the world, for the sake of the precious little one.

Another Easter morn has dawned, and we find Jessie and her little one in a great city. The young widow has had a hard struggle to obtain suitable employment, but she has managed so far to keep the wolf from the

door. Several ladies in the city had given her sewing and fancy-work to do, and she had also obtained some piece-work at various factories. It was at one of these latter places that she first met William Bennett. One of the factory girls introduced him to her—at his request—and he took good care to cultivate the acquaintance thus formed. He was, evidently, very much attracted towards Jessie, and she perceived it. At first she gave him no encouragement whatever, as Angus was constantly in her thoughts, and it seemed to her as if no one could ever take his place in her heart. By degrees, however, her new admirer won his way into her confidence, and she felt she was beginning to like him, though she would never admit that she could give him the same love that she had so freely bestowed on her first lover.

"After all, why shouldn't I marry again?" she said to herself, after saying good-night to Will, who had called at her lodgings house to urge his suit. "He seems to be fond of me, and I think I could learn to love him in time. Then, there is baby, and I am getting so alarmed about her. She seems to be getting ill, and I can't look after her properly while I have to work so hard all day. If she should get worse, I suppose I would have to call in a doctor, and who is to pay his bill, I should like to know? It takes me all my time to get enough to pay the rent and buy food. Oh, dear, oh, dear, how dreadful it is to be poor; I am getting so tired of it all."

At that moment baby Jessie gave a fretful cry, and the vigilant mother was at her side in an instant.

"Sh—h—there dear—don't cry—innu-

ma is here."

She picked the little one up in her arms and gently rocked her, as she walked up and down the room. Presently the babe was fast asleep, and she laid it down in the cradle with a weary sigh.

"Working all the day and often sitting up half the night," she said to herself.

"I am sure I can't stand this much longer. Yes, I have made up my mind what to do. I will marry Will. It seems fearful to me to take such a step from such motives, but it can't be helped. I was never made to stand alone, I am sure. If I can't cling to someone for support, I sink helpless to the ground."

On the following night, therefore, Will was gladdened by being accepted as Jessie's second husband. With surprising celerity he arranged all the formalities, and on the next day he called to take Jessie to the registrar's office.

"My, you're in a mighty big hurry, Will, aren't you!" exclaimed the girl.

"Well, there is no use delaying, after your mind's made up, is there?" was the reply of the impetuous young man, and without further ado, he caught hold of her arm and marched her off down the street. As they turned into one of the main thoroughfares, two men approached them. Grasping hold of Will, one of them said, "You're the man we're after, you'd better come quietly with us." Then, addressing Jessie, he said, "You'd better go home my girl, this man has deserted three wives already, and you're lucky that you're not the fourth."

Then the two drotectives, for such they were, marched the guilty wretch away, while poor Jessie stood in a dazed condition on the sidewalk. * * * * *

It is a week later. In the unromantic little room that Jessie called home, lies a thin coffin while beside it sits the weeping form of a woman.

"Oh, my baby, my baby," she wails, "now you're gone too, and I have nothing left to live for. Oh, I wish I were dead also."

Yes, baby Jessie is dead. Too true were the suspicions of the mother, for dysentery had seized her little babe, and she had been carried away to that Better Land, by the all-Wise God. Yet Jessie did not think of that. She only brooded over her loss and felt rebellious in her heart against the decrees of Providence

When the funeral was all over, and she returned again to her old lodgings, it seemed to the lonely, heart-broken woman that all her hopes had been buried with that tiny form. The world looked black and cold, and dreary to her now. A few short years ago it seemed so bright. She was disturbed in her mournful meditations by the heavy tread of the landlady, who bluntly informed her that unless she paid up the room rent that was owing, she would have to go out on the streets.

She had no money, for her last cent had been expended in paying the undertaker's bill. She pleaded to be allowed to stay for another week, by which time she might have a chance of earning something, but the heartless landlady would not listen to such a proposal, and our poor Jessie had to go. Friendless, homeless and penniless, in a great city—what a sad plight! As Jessie wandered aimlessly along the street, she passed a cabaret, whence came sounds of music and dancing, and an irresistible longing to be where it was bright and gay came over her. She ventured inside, and saw an assembly of men and women dancing together.

"Do you want a partner, gal?" said a coarse voice close to her.

She instinctively shrank away from the man, a great rough sailor, and a look of pity came into his eyes.

"Say you're not used to this, girl," he said, "I thought you were one of the regulars. 'Wot yer done here, gal?'"

"Oh, please, I'm so tired and hungry, and I've got nowhere to go," said Jessie.

"Gee whiz! here's a go," exclaimed the sailor. He then beckoned to the proprietor of the cabaret, and that worthy was soon on the spot.

"Ile're a gal that's in a trouble," said the sailor, who was really a kind-hearted fellow, in spite of his rough exterior, "can you help her out?"

"Why, certainly, certainly," said the proprietor, "just go in there, my dear."

He pointed to a room at the back, and Jessie, glad to find any refuge, quickly made her way thither and sank down on a comfortable lounge. Thus it came to pass, that she was engaged to play the piano at the nightly concerts and dances.

Yet another Easter Sunday. The Salvation Army in the city was early arised, and the strains of "Up from the grave He

arose, awoke the echoes as the Band marched through the principal streets. The noise awoke Jessie, and she sat up in bed and listened.

"What was that? It must be Easter Sunday." Then the memory of another Easter, when she had so proudly walked to church with Angus, came to her, and she wept bitter tears.

What a change had taken place (Continued on page 13)



"THEY BELIEVE IN GOD," SHE SAID



Stirring Tales of Army Warfare in Many Lands

On the Battlefields of France

By MAJOR R. PENFOLD

Divisional Commander, Southern Alberta

LOOKING back over twenty years experience as an Officer, my most remarkable Easter Season during that period was that spent as a Salvation Army Chaplain, with the Canadian Corps at the Front, in 1917.

Five months prior to that time we had marched up from the Somme, to take over the line at Vimy Ridge.

Our Battalion had been reduced from a complement of fourteen hundred strong to seventy-eight men and officers during our six weeks stay on the Somme. It was with feelings of relief that we moved to the comparatively quiet sector at Vimy.

After a very cold, disagreeable winter season, during which we suffered the dangers and discomforts of the front, we were pleased indeed at the approach of spring, with milder weather. As the spring advanced there was increased activity. Our battalions were brought up to strength and preparations made for the attack on Vimy Ridge. Staff Officers from Headquarters visited us more frequently, and finally when Field-Marshal Haig, accompanied by General Byng—then the Commander of the Canadian Corps arrived in camp, the rumour spread that the attack was near at hand.

At that time I had a large marquee pitched by the side of the main road, where men from the front trenches, just three miles from our camp, a large sign informed the men that this was "The Salvation Army Rest", and the marquee became a central meeting place for the Salvationists in the Canadian Corps. Every Sunday, and as often as possible during the week, services were held during the evening hours; and through the day we were busy supplying the men with hot coffee, tea, chocolate, biscuits, etc. There was no lack of eggs for the Easter Season as at this time I was having shipped from Paris four thousand eggs per day. The majority of these were hard-boiled for the men, who were able to take them with them when they went into the trenches.

As Easter drew near, the enemy, observing the

increased activity on our front, and, no doubt, suspecting that an attack was being planned, commenced to shell and bomb us very heavily, and our casualties grew in number daily. It was reported that the attack was to be made on Easter Sunday, but this actually took place on Easter Monday, resulting in the capture of Vimy Ridge.

Easter Sunday was a beautiful, sunshiny day, and was also a very lively one on the front. The enemy shelled incessantly that day, trying to locate our gun positions and to blow-up our camp. The Service held that evening in the marquee will ever remain one of the most vivid memories of my life. A large company of men were crowded into the marquee, among them many Salvationists. We all realized that there were many present who would not return from the attack alive, and to be sure of this, during the day, it was a very solemn gathering. The guns were thundering on every side of us while the ammunition limbers and ration wagons, along with the light field guns and occasionally a tank, were rumbling past, on their way up to the Front Line, continually reminding us of what was to transpire on the morrow. The Salvationists from the different battalions gave their parting message and assured us of their intention to do their duty whatever the result; and if in the Providence of God they were not spared to return, it would be well with them.

Looking back on that experience now, there is a tug at one's heart-strings, and a tear in the eye, at the memory of the many dear lads whom we did not see again, or else were only permitted to see them "cold in death". It is a source of pleasure, however, to recall the fact that many of those who made the Supreme Sacrifice found Christ as their Saviour in the services conducted in the marquee; and that spot will ever be looked upon by me as hallowed ground.

The history of the taking of Vimy Ridge is well-known to all Canadians, and therefore I need not recall it. We honor the memory of the brave men who so selflessly devoted their lives to the call of duty for King and Country. God grant, dear reader, that you and I shall be ready—as they were—to be "true unto death", and to at last hear the "Well done!"

As we again celebrate the first glad Easter Morn, and repeat with joy the words: "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept", we recall the promise of that glorious coming Easter Day, when the dead in Christ shall come forth in the glory of the first resurrection, and the Redeemed of all nations join in the glad triumphant song: "Oh death, where is Thy sting? Oh grave, where is Thy Victory? Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

lower parts of the community, and in our peregrinations we entered a little general store, where it seemed you could buy anything from a ham to a needle and thread. At the call of the swinging bell over the door, a little old lady came forward to the counter and asked us what we wanted. We told her our story and she seemed to want to listen attentively to what we had to say. We told her we had come to start up the work of the Army in the town, and of our fruitless toil of the week, trying to gather friends and helpers.

After telling her our story, we looked to her for a reply but before she could do so, we heard, in the little room behind the store, a whizzing and clicking and then there rang out the little melody:

"Trusting Thee ever
Doubting Thee never.
Kept by Thy hand to sin no more.
Trusting Thee ever
Doubting Thee never.

"Thou art my treasure and my store."
We stood spellbound whilst the little clock sang to us its message of trust and then with tears in her eyes came the reply of our friend.

"God bless you, lads. I have been in this town for twelve years and every night have been praying for the Lord to send the Army along, and now, glory to God, He has answered me. When do you start?"

"To-night, on the Market Square."

"Yes, I'll be there." And she was

That was a glorious evening, and the first Sunday's meeting resulted in twenty-two souls at the Mercy-Seat. This was the commencement of a great work for God in the town. We left there nine months afterwards, leaving behind us a Corps of over seventy Soldiers.



Army had not a friend in the place, and no doors were opened to us. Many folks said, "We don't want the Army here. We are good enough without them."

The Saturday morning found us visiting in the

Among the Villagers of India

By MAJOR GILBERT CARTER

Training College Principal

MANY and varied are the experiences of a Missionary Officer in India. Very soon after my arrival there, I found it would be necessary for me to familiarize myself with many subjects, other than those legislated for in the Training Garrison curriculum at Clapton. The villagers whom I worked with the first five years apparently think that all white men should know something of medicine and simple surgery. Thus in one appointment it was my daily custom to spend from 7 a.m. to 11 a.m. attending to the physical disabilities of the people. Sufferers would sometimes crawl for miles to have their frightful sores cleaned and dressed. Very soon after my arrival, I was called upon to assist an Officer and to fit him with a mosquito net.

One day a man came with a badly swollen and deformed knee. Twisted around his ear was a long peacock's feather. I was interested and asked what this was for, and he said, "to cure my swollen knee." The peacock is a sacred bird in India, and wearing its feather in this way was supposed to bring him benefit and effect upon his knee. Teeth extraction forms a very interesting part of this work, and on one occasion, I remember extracting fifty teeth in two days. The deep gratitude of the people for these little services was very pronounced and often a way of approach to the soul, which would otherwise have remained closed, was made ready. Only eternity will reveal the far-reaching results of this kind of work.



Army Convert does Good Service for God in Africa

By MAJOR GEORGE SMITH

Divisional Commander, Winnipeg

YOUNG Rutherford was a wild lad and went in for all the mischief and fun he could get, but as he grew older he felt his life was being wasted. Surely, he thought, there must be something better for me to spend my time and talents on. So it happened one night when sitting in an Army meeting he realized that here was a chance to spend his life in a different and useful way. Moved by the stirrings of the Spirit, and in response to the Officer's appeal, young Rutherford knelt at the Mercy-Seat, where he got gloriously saved.

He had always had a strong desire to be a Missionary to the heathen. His conversion strengthened and fired the desire and he applied to a Missionary Society. He was accepted and soon after was sent out to Africa, where for three years he labored faithfully among the dark-skinned

A Glorious Opening in an English Town

By ADJUTANT JAS. MERRITT

Vancouver I

WE had received orders to open Thorne, a little town in the south-east of Yorkshire. We, included the Lieutenant and myself, and our battery. The Lieutenant needs no more explaining than to say he was a very nice chap and a real good singer. The Battery was not a battery of guns, but a gospel

van, decorated on the outside with texts, and constituting our living-room, dining-room, office and bed-room, all in the compass of six by twelve feet.

We arrived in the town on Tuesday, and immediately started out to visit as many houses as possible before the following Saturday night when we were to start operations. I shall never forget that week. We toiled from morning till night but it seemed as though the

Army had not a friend in the place, and no doors were opened to us. Many folks said, "We don't want the Army here. We are good enough without them."



(Continued on page 14)

Modern Miracles of Regeneration

Read these stories of lives resurrected from being "dead in trespasses and sins" to new creatures in Christ Jesus. These are samples of what The Army, by the blessing of God, is constantly doing in Western Canada and throughout the world. Your gift to the Self-Denial Fund will help speed the good work.

A WRETCHED CAPTIVE SET 'FREE'

HE was an old man of sixty-five—dirty, unkempt and ragged. Around his bony frame was wrapped a tattered old garment, with rusty nails in the place of buttons, and as he stooped down and peered into the Salvationist's open-air ring one night, he seemed like some huge, shaggy dog prowling around in search of a choice morsel. "The way of the transgressor is hard," said the Captain at that moment, and the words smote the heart of the wretched old man.

He followed the march to the Hall and, on the invitation being given, came forward and knelt at the



He knelt on the cold stone floor of the cell
praying for deliverance

penitent form. The Captain was rather doubtful about this queer penitent, and could not allow him to say anything that night. "All right, Captain, I'll come round on Tuesday and tell you what I feel like," said the old man. "He did not appear, however, and the Captain could find no trace of him, but thought it was just a drunken freak of the wretched old boozier. On Thursday, however, who should appear but the old man. He had made a rough attempt to tidy himself up, and had sewn a few buttons on his coat. Everyone noticed, also, that his former flabby and colorless face was now tinged with the glow of returning health and vigor, and that the once dull and bleary eyes now flashed with the light of an awakening intelligence.

"I've got an apology to make to the Captain," were his first words: "I promised to come back on Tuesday, but after I got home the other night, such a craving for drink seized me that I went and got

myself locked up in a police cell for three days. I feel like a fresh man now, and my flesh has come to me as the flesh of a little child."

In speaking to the Police Inspector, afterwards, the Captain ascertained that the poor old man had had a most terrible struggle, and that for sixteen hours out of every twenty-four he had knelt on the cold stone floor of the cell, praying fervently to God for deliverance from his awful bondage. For many years, now, he has proved the power of God to save and to keep, and is a respected citizen in the town where he once wandered around a drunken vagabond.

THE CLEANSING OF A MORAL LEPER

FROM his boyhood, Tom, as we will call him, had been an unmanageable young rascal. Through reading filthy literature, smoking cigarettes, drinking whiskey and associating with bad women he had got into a state of mind and body that could best be described as leprous.

Yes, he was a moral leper, right enough, and could be classed amongst those who are written of in the epistle of Peter, as "having eyes full of adultery and that cannot cease from sin." In addition to his other evil habits, he was incorrigibly lazy; he awoke at everything and everybody, and had a most terrible temper. The gallows was spoken of as his ultimate end, and he was fast hastening that way. His parents lived in terror of their wicked boy, and on one occasion were forced to fly from the house on account of the terrible blasphemies Tom was uttering. During his fits of temper he would jump on top of the stove in his bare feet, even when it was red hot, and then, picking up an axe, would chase his father around the room. Sometimes he went to the Salvation Army cell, but his conduct there was such as to make the Soldiers who were his neighbors run away. "If I have to see any more come to our meeting it's that young rascal," remarked the Young People's Sergeant Major one day, when his patience had been more than usually tried. One day Tom heard a red hot testimony and conviction of sin fell on him. For five weeks he was in awful agony and could hardly eat or rest. To try and drive away searing thoughts he would read novels all night and smoke prodigious quantities of cigarettes. He read through as many as one hundred of these pernicious books in one week, but his efforts to drive away conviction were unavailing. His incessant smoking had affected his lungs and brought on a hacking cough; his drinking and lasciviousness had weakened his mind and diseased his body. He was at death's door and there seemed no hope of his recovery or reformation.

Then Jesus came to him and revealed through the Spirit how he could be saved by faith. The poor misguided lad grasped at the promise of the forgiveness of sins, and arose to a new life. The cough left him, he became well and strong, with a clear mind, and devoted himself to winning other souls for Christ.

Previously, he had only done eight days work in a whole year, but he now obtained a steady job, and showed to all what a change had taken place in him. "Well, if that fellow sticks to religion, I'll admit there's something in it," said his employer, and we are pleased to be able to say that Tom has stuck to it, and has been the means of leading many of his old companions to the One whose blood can make the vilest clean.

OUT OF WHOM WENT SEVEN DEVILS?

JOSEE, they called her, in the house of ill-fame, of which she was an inmate. Poor girl, her's was a hard fate. She was the daughter of a clergyman, but she had fallen, and for ten years had lived on the wages of shame. There seemed no way of escape for her, and she appeared to be doomed to come to the same dreadful end as her sisters in iniquity—to perish in her sins, to die in darkness. Carelessly, she lounged at her window, one evening, listening to the singing of a band of Salvationists in the street below. They sang a verse she had heard in bygone days, when she was pure and innocent, and the precious truths in it seemed to stab her heart.

"Jesus love me! Can it be so, after all these years of sin? Then I will love Him too," she sobbed.

Attiring herself for the street, she made her way to the Army Hall, and during the prayer meeting, she stood up and expressed her desire to leave her sinful life and become a Christian. The Captain's wife was at her side in a moment, to sympathize and help. The girl was taken to the Officers' quarters and tenderly cared for until she became strong in Jesus. It was an awful struggle for her. For ten days she was like a maniac. She had been used to sleeping by day and pursuing her hideous business by night, and to get back to ordinary ways of living was no easy task. To abstain from the drugs she was accustomed to take for the purpose of keeping up her strength and spirits, was also a terrible ordeal, but Christ helped her, and at length, she emerged from the conflict with Satan a conqueror through the Blood. To-day, she is the happy wife of a Salvationist, and is busily employed in the blessed work of winning other poor girls to the One who came to save that which was lost.



Picking up an axe, he would chase his father
round the room

(See "Cleansing of a Moral Leper")

A BLIND MAN SEES

"AM I converted? I don't know what you mean by that. I attend church, and have been baptized and confirmed. What more do I need to make me fit for Heaven?" So said a man to a Salvationist, in a prayer meeting, one night.

"The Bible says that unless we are converted, we cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven," said the fisher. "Oh, you're a fool," said the man, and in an irritable frame of mind he went out of the meeting.

Next Sunday morning, as he was out riding, his horse threw him, and he very narrowly escaped being



His horse threw him and he narrowly
escaped being killed

killed outright by the animal's hoofs. As he pondered over the fact that he had been very near death that day, the words of the Salvationists came back to his mind. "If I had died to-day, where should I have gone?" he asked himself, and the Spirit of God convinced him of his sin and unbelief, and he was forced to confess that he was an unconverted man, and thus unprepared to meet God. In spite of feeling a bit stiff through his accident, he went to The Army meeting again that night, and when the same comrade came to speak to him, he trembled. "Yes, I'm sadly in need of Salvation," he confessed, "and I did wrong to call you a fool last Sunday."

In such a penitent frame of mind, it was not difficult for the fisher to persuade him to kneel at the mercy-seat and publicly claim Christ as his Saviour. There are many who think they are all right until God opens their eyes, and the conversion of these characters is as great a miracle as the saving of an open sinner.

(Continued on page 14)



The Captain's wife was at her side in a moment

(See "Out of Whom Went Seven Devils")



A striking lesson from ancient history showing that war and wickedness bring a nation to utter ruin—A plea for a new and better way of settling disputes

By REV. DR. E. G. PERRY, B.A., Ph.D., Professor of Old Testament Language and Literature, Manitoba College

In 1897, the great and good Queen Victoria, celebrated her Diamond Jubilee. Her ministers invited representatives from all the governments and soldiery in the vast British domains to take part in the gorgeous pageantry of that joyful season. Led by famous generals, troops from India, Africa, Australia, and Canada marched through the streets of London along with renowned regiments of England, Ireland and Scotland. At Spithead there was gathered together such a fleet of warships as had been assembled never before. Unexpectedly, as the band that wrote upon the walls at Belvoir in fear, there appeared a little poem, which has since found its way into the hymn-books of our nation, a poem that made the British nation feel it stood, not only at the foot of a great earthly throne, but at the foot of the throne of the King of Kings. Two verses of it are as follows:

"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine;
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."
"Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

But why should Rudyard Kipling, in the presence of those great throngs of loyal British subjects, keeping holiday, come to think of the departed glories of ancient Nineveh? And yet? Because he knew it was not by chance that that great fleet of the Assyrian army had disappeared from the sea, and all that remains of her extensive docks are broken lines of stone running out into the sea, visible on a clear day by the passing stranger. Because he knew it was not by chance, that the great kingdom of Assyria has passed away from this earth, and that the vast citadel of Nineveh is today nothing but an unsightly heap of dust. He knew it needs more than armies and navies, wealth and lands, arts and literature, to make a people great or to ensure its permanency. In the book of God, it is written, "the sinful nation shall perish," and that a true patriot would have his people not forget.

Where Ancient Nineveh Stood

Six hundred miles north of the Persian Gulf, upon the west bank of the swift flowing Tigris, stands the modern city of Mosul, in the midst of a district full of petroleum and bitumen wells, so valuable, that last year a British expedition was sent to protect them from the forces of the Turk. A pontoon bridge spans the stream. Its eastern end rests on the edge of the plain upon which ancient Nineveh stood.

From the walls of Mosul the traveller can see, rising out of this plain, two mounds. The smaller and more southerly one, today called Nely Jirus, is surmounted by an imposing Mohammedan Mosque, in which it is claimed the prophet Jonah is buried. The lofty mound upon which it rises contains the remains of the great palace of king Asarhaddon, who lived in the days of the wicked Jewish king, Manasseh, and is mentioned in the Bible. The second mound is much larger, being 9,000 feet in circumference. Upon its vast platform, almost twice as large as the Parliament Square in Winipeg, rise two great palaces, one built by king Sennacherib, who boasts that he shut up King Hezekiah in Jerusalem like a bird in a cage, the other by king Ashurnasirpal, whose kingdom stretched from the Caspian Sea to Egypt, and from Asia Minor to the Persian Gulf.

Eleven miles further north, on the banks of the little stream, Khabur, which runs through the midst of Nineveh, Botta, a French scholar, found the palace of Sargon, the king who carried the ten tribes of Israel into captivity. From this excavation we get a very clear idea of how these palaces were built and how they looked. Sargon tells us he first purchased the land from the natives by giving them money or equally good farms. From all parts of his domain he then brought people to build. These erected a platform about forty feet high and twenty-five acres in extent, as big as Winnipeg's Parliament Square, if the Lieutenant-Governor's grounds are not included. Upon this was built his palace, with its harem for his three queens, its great court, copied from the palaces of the Hittite kings, its ante-rooms for his equipment of war and supplies for his numerous retinue, its superb quarters for himself, the walls of which were decorated with carved slabs of alabaster, and at its north-west corner its high step tower with quarters for his priests.

There was one difference between the city of Sargon at Khorsabad, and Nineveh. While the two great mounds of the latter stood in the midst of an encircling wall about seven miles in circumference, the palace of Sargon formed part of the city's wall, which enclosed a square mile.

Twenty miles south of Nineveh, Henry Layard, a brilliant English diplomat, discovered three palaces at Kalah, the Biblical Nimroud. One large gallery in the British Museum, is lined with the splendid alabaster and limestone slabs taken from the walls of these buildings. Their vivid representation of war and hunting scenes help us to know not only how these monarchs lived but also why they were so detested by the nations they conquered. Most of these scenes are from the palace of Ashur-nazir-pal, whose name means "May the God Ashur protect the son." This man, we lived about the time of the prophet Elijah. King O-ri, Ahab and Jezebel, was a mighty warrior and one of the most ruthless conquerors this world has ever seen. He boasts of having burned the women and

the Tigris, they crossed the river and built Nimroud, Nineveh and later Khorsabad. At first they were ruled by governors called Ishshakkus, who likely filled the position of ruler and priest. Hammurabi, who is probably the Amraphel mentioned in the Bible as having taken Lot, Abraham's nephew, prisoner, tells us he put down a rebellion in Nineveh. Three hundred years later, a people from the region of Persia captured Babylonia and from that time Assyria seems to have tried to gain her independence. A letter from the time of Iknaton, the father of Tut-ankh-Amen's wife, found in Egypt, reveals that by about 1400 B.C. they had succeeded. For the next three hundred years they were constantly fighting with Babylon and at times conquered it.

Most Powerful Kingdom in East

During the reigns of Saul, David and Solomon about 1000 B.C., we hear very little about Assyria. From the time of the cruel Ashurnazirpal, about 836 B.C. till she fell in 606 B.C. Assyria became the most powerful kingdom in the East. Isaiah describes how well equipped and disciplined her troops were in his day. Like a great lioness she sprang from her prey and none was able to deliver from her clutch. The greatest blot on her record was her in the hand of an angry God to punish his sinful nation. By continuous warfare and ferocious cruelty she so extended her bounds that the day came when she had not enough of her own sons to hold what she had captured. Yes, more, by these terrible wars her own brave stock got worn down. A day did come when outside nations also perceived this. About 625 B.C. the Medes, led by Cyaxares, made a fierce attack upon Nineveh. This was repulsed. About twenty years later, his attack was successful and Nineveh fell, never to rise again. When the news of its downfall reached the ears of the Hebrew prophet, Nahum, he expressed the feelings of an oppressed world:

"The shepherds slumber, O king of Assyria.
My worthless are at rest!
The people are scattered upon the mountains.
And there is none to gather them.
There is no assuaging of thy hurt.
Thy wound is grievous;
All that hear the report of thee
Clap the hands over thee;
For upon whom hath not thy wickedness
passed continually?"

In the Old Testament, there is only one book that speaks in mercy of Assyria and that is the book of Jonah. This remarkable little prophecy (probably written two hundred years after Nahum), in endeavoring to make the Jews understand how broad is God's mercy, that all mankind, even the cruellest of robber nations, form part of His great family, represents Jonah as being sent to warn Nineveh of coming destruction. When the prophet tries to evade his hateful task he is forced to go. Yet, more, when this sinful nation is warned it proves capable of repentance. Like the book of Ruth, Jonah is a grand protest against Israel considering any man or nation as common, unclean and unworthy of the reach of God's pardoning love.

A Great League of Nations

Has the fate of Assyria no meaning for us of today? We, who have survived the heart-shattering sorrows of the World War know that force and violence settle nothing permanently. Each war has sown the seeds of the next. Today the polluted minds of all nations are trying to find a better way of settling disputes between class and class, nation and nation. They believe that if there is not to be a recurrence of war, all nations must band together in a great league of nations which shall agree to settle their disputes in such an impartial court of justice that the weakest nation may expect the same even handed justice as the most powerful nation. It was for the realization of this ideal that President Woodrow Wilson toiled. He was not permitted to see his hopes fulfilled. We know now that this ideal cannot be realized till each one of us is willing to recognize that every man born into this world is as dear to God as we are, and before there can be peace on earth, good will among men, each one of God's children is entitled to and must be granted that justice, mercy and sympathy for which we crave. This ideal will be realized some day. It will come, however, in no miraculous way, suddenly. It will come only as each one of us, unknown men and women, believe and practice in our daily life, that he who needs our help is our brother and teach our little ones so, by word and act. It will come only as each one of us tries to follow the One who said: "The Son of Man came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

The Destruction of Sennacherib

This famous poem by Lord Byron is descriptive of the events recorded in II Kings, Chapter 19.

*The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the*

*....
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.*

*Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath browned,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.*

*For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed.
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.*

*And there lay the steel with his nostrils all wide,
But through it there rolled not the leath of his pride
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beaten surf.*

*And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.*

*And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idots are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the night of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!*

children of places he had captured. His son was king Shalmanezer. We have a little statue from his palace, in which we can see the ambassadors of Judah kissing his feet and presenting their master's gifts.

The first capital of the Assyrian power, however, and the one that gave its name to the country is situated still further north, on the bank of the Tigris. At Kalah Sherkat, where the Turks had a fort previous to the war, lay Ashur, where Assyrian kings held their court when the Children of Israel were slaves in Egypt. This city is perhaps mentioned in the second chapter of Genesis. Here, as well as in the other places, were found carvings, inscriptions and clay tablets, which enable us to reconstruct, in part, the history of this people.

Like the Hebrews, their original home seems to have been the great Arabian deserts to the west of the Euphrates. Migrating thence and unable to get a foothold in the more fertile fields in the neighborhood of Babylon, they moved up stream and founded the city of Ashur, about two hundred miles north of Bagdad. As there was excellent pasture on the east bank of

They Crucify to Themselves the Son of God Afresh

PROLOGUE

How the paradise

"Tis only a legend, a fancy maybe;
For none can tell.
It e'er belief
But we trace there a lesson, a truth we can see



*Swift adown the Appian way,
Back he turned him on the fray*

Hearken its story, read the truth therein vested;
Temptation's hour
Will surely lower,
Faith, Hope and Love to the utmost be tested.

I.

"Art thou not also one of His disciples?"

Swift adown the Appian Way,
Back he turned him on the fray;
Far behind the City lay,
Peter.

Blood of martyrs ever falling,
Saints to Heaven hourly calling,
Roman legions fierce, appalling
Peter

Thousands darts his soul
assailed,

Fear and shame with him
prevailed.

"I am with you" naught
availed,

Nothing

"Tried and tempted sore
am I,

From temptation now I fly,
Ne'er again my Lord deny
Never."

II.

"Broad is the way that leadeth
to destruction."

Away from the Coliseum,
where beasts claim their
martyr prey.

Where saints heaven's heights are scaling—a rough

and narrow way;

Woods a road where all is pleasant and broad and
smooth and fair

Naught there to suggest a terror, naught to arouse a
cure

Tall trees meet o'er its pathway, and screen from the
noontide heat

And the flowers that bloom along its way, make a rest
for toil-stained feet

The air lies languorous and heavy with many a subtle
scent

A murmuring brook, thro' shadows cool, a limpid
course is bent

Oh, that beautiful road that Peter trod, so far from
the Roman gates!

Where does it lead? To the Heavenly Land, where
a Christ for a conqueror waits

(Echo).

*Hark! "Strait the Gate
And narrow the way,
That leads to Life,
And eternal Day."*

III.

"A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Whence cometh this travel-stained wayfarer?
Rent are his garments and worn,
Rugged the cross that He bears under,
Marred His visage and torn!

For Him spring no flowers round the pathway,
Fresh blood-tracks mark out His way
His face is set firm toward the City,
As of one who can brook no delay.

"My Lord and my God! My blest Master!"
Peter lay prone at His feet,
"Tell me wherefore this cross and these bloodstains."
The Master made answer meet—

"Someone a cross hath forsaken,
A banner lies trailed in the dust,
A sentry his post hath vacated,
His sword and his shield flung to rust

"In place of My soldier, who vowed him
My kingdom should suffer no loss,
I turn me to Rome and its legions,
To hang in his place on his cross."

IV.

"Of whom the world was not worthy."

Blood of martyrs falling, falling,
Unto Heaven dumbly calling,
Roman legions never appalling
Never.

Cries and shouts and shrieks resounding,
Faith and Hope and Love abounding,
Praises unto God redounding
Glory!



*His face is set firm toward the City,
As of one who can brook no delay*

Forth they led him bound and bleeding,
Thro' Rome's streets passed he unheeding,
Martyr's courage was he pleading
Peter.

Open wide, ye Gates of Light
Pass, ye martyrs robed in white,
Faith forever changed to sight,
Ever

Swift adown the Golden Way,
Eager, palm and crown to lay
At the Pierced Feet for aye—
Peter.

L'ENVOI

"And what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Deem ye not His blood
efficient?
Doubt ye still His grace
sufficient?
Claim ye not His promise
sure?

Dare ye not His cross
endure?

And the starry crown, and
the victor's palm, and the
place prepared in the City
of light?

And the "Come ye blessed,
enter in; ye have won the
cross, ye have fought the
fight"—

Will ye barter all beyond
recall?

For a little pleasure, an
earthly treasure
That will suffer the rust and
the moth's corruption, smitten
for aye with eternal
blight?

EILEEN DOUGLAS

Forth they led him bound and bleeding



Behold The Man

BY

COMMISSIONER
HENRY C. HODDER

IT WAS a dark night, in some respects perhaps the darkest in the history of the world. The eve of the great crucifixion, before which was the betrayal, the agonizing prayer, the falling asleep of His disciples, the bloody sweat, the terrible cry, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me", the arrest, the traitor's kiss, the scattering of the immediate followers, bound before Caiaphas, before Herod, in the judgment hall with Pilate, the cruel scourging, the crown of thorns, the crowd and their choice of Barabbas, and their final "away with Him, crucify Him". Yes, indeed, it was a dark, black night, the shame of which must have made angels weep.

It was a terrible day. The morning breaks with a blazing sun, the multitudes are astir, the great festive season is at hand and all are busy. The trial of the night is concluded in the morning. Pilate, the weak, has lost his manhood and his honor, and has delivered Jesus to the multitude to be crucified, though he said, "I find in Him no fault at all". And now Christ is hurled into the midst of the excited mob. He bends His shoulder to the Cross. He still wears the crown of thorns. His cheeks are red with shame and covered with spittle. His garments dyed and stained with His own blood. Well might the prophet say, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?"

Behold He faints, and well He might, for there has been given no respite for rest or refreshment. The agony and the shame of the whole is too much. But He is dragged to the top of Calvary. The Cross borne by Simon is laid upon the ground. What an honor to have borne that Cross for the fainting, suffering Son of God. Look at the confusion as the crowd gathers around and are forced back by the Roman soldiers while Christ is nailed

to the Cross. It is raised, wedged, and now we behold Him bleeding, dying thereupon.

Behold His tenderness and compassion. "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do". To the dying thief, pardon, "This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise". "I thirst," not for

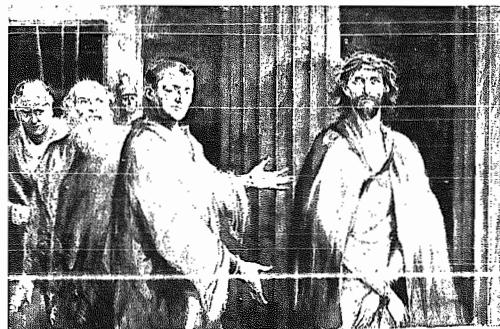
veil of the Temple is rent from top to bottom and man henceforth shall have access to God.

And Pilate thought it was all over. The high priests and their immediate following no doubt concluded a great day's work had been accomplished and trouble removed. The disciples, notwithstanding all that had been said, concluded they had got to the end. But is it not true that in many senses

the end is only the beginning. The end of the grub, the beginning of the butterfly; the end of the river, the beginning of the sea; the end of time, the beginning of eternity. And here again, when the enemies of Christ are thinking it is all over and they have accomplished a great work, and as they thought, had put away a pestilent fellow, a disturber of the peace, the angel comes and rolls away the stone and the Son of God arises, and we have the beginning of a new era—the Christian religion.

The morning breaks with light and splendor. He is risen. Hallelujah! With what healing, mercy and succour; and just as Christ in His early resurrection entered homes and dispelled fear, restoring faith and hope, so today He hears the cry of every repentant soul, drives away the gloom and brings peace into the hearts and lives of all who trust Him.

How is it with you, reader? Have you beheld Him as the Son of God dying in your stead, bearing the punishment due to you, and because of this fact offering you pardon. Will you share His cross, take His hand and come into step and harmony with His will? "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon".



And Pilate saith unto them, "Behold the Man"

gall and vinegar, but for the world's restoration, for love, for a place in our hearts and lives, for the privilege of winning us back to God. Well might the centurion say, "Truly this was the Son of God". The heavens are darkened, the thunders roar, the lightnings flash, the earth quakes, and in that hour of blackest darkness the Son of God gives His life a ransom and cries, while hell trembles, "It is finished". The

dying in your stead, bearing the punishment due to you, and because of this fact offering you pardon. Will you share His cross, take His hand and come into step and harmony with His will? "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon".

FASTER BY AIR CHINA

MRS. ADJT. BECKETT

I was Easter Sunday morning, but with the exception of the Mission station just within the city gates, nobody knew that it was the celebration of our Lord's resurrection. Certainly, the inmates of the little Chinese compound where our story opens, had not heard of, and would not have understood the significance of such an event. It was a beautiful Spring morning, and the balmy breeze made even the dismal courtyard and dilapidated mud brick, mud-roofed buildings that formed this Chinese *yuan-tzu* (courtyard) look considerably less uninviting than they had been before, and the bedraggled chicks, and the one dirty black sow, that lived in the little courtyard, seemed to feel it good to be alive.

the house, in spi-

ness of the hour, all were asleep, for in the early dawn a little stranger had arrived to make some sunshine in the home, and the inmates were tired with the night's labors. The little girl baby had made an auspicious arrival, and was not so undesired as one might imagine, from the tales one hears of the birth of a child in China. It is true that the neighbors only congratulated the parents, and did not "Hao-pan-ki" (meaning "little happiness"), and consider "Siao Shee" instead of the usual "Ta Hsi," but that was only in keeping with Chinese manners and custom, and made no difference to the parents' joy, in this their first little baby. Girls are not wanted as much as boys in Chinese houses, because, as soon as they are of a really useful age, i.e., about fourteen or fifteen, they are betrothed, and sent to the house of their "Paw-paw" (mother-in-law), to whom they permanently belong, and the parents receive no further service from them; whereas, when a boy attains to man's age, a wife is chosen for him, who will be a help to his mother, and assist in the work on the place. Thus, many sons mean many servants in the parents' old age, whilst many daughters mean an empty house.

house nor yard remain.

and peaceful for long, however. Ta Nu-Tzu (pronounced Dar Newser), meaning Big or Eldest Girl, which is almost invariably the only name that is given to the first girl in a family, until she is old enough to marry, was wide-awake, and making her wants known in an unmistakable way, and the old sow and chickens were sounding the preliminary warning that it was time for the morning meal. The neighbors began to appear with gift^s of cakes, fruit and candy as an earnest of their congratulations, and the bustle of the day had begun. The father of our little heroine earned his living by carrying water. His stock-in-trade was a wheelbarrow and wooden pails. Filling the pails with water at the well, he placed them on his wheelbarrow, which he pushed from door to door, selling two pails for a copper. It was neither lucrative nor pleasant employment, but he had not much choice, for his father had been a water-carrier before him, and he knew no other trade. Up to the time of Nu-Tzu's birth, he had not experienced

for their simple wants, but more strenuous times were coming.

As the years went by, other babies, both boys and girls, were added to the household, and it became more and more difficult for the father's meagre wages to supply their constantly increasing needs. Ta Nu-Tzu soon found her place in the home a very busy one. House-duties, sewing and minding babies kept her well employed, and if at times she heaved a sigh of regret that she could not read, she was not dissatisfied with her life on account of lack of education.

tion. There was plenty of interest in the struggle for existence, and in her town, only the favored few rich were able to go to school. And so her life passed on uneventfully enough until she had passed her thirteenth birthday. Then a dread fell upon her mind, which made her look back with longing to the old days when, ~~she~~ ^{she} had had no lack of education had appeared to be the biggest cloud on her horizon. The hot summer days came, and when the rains should have fallen, as they do each year in torrents, the heavens seemed made of brass. Each night the sun set gorgeous splendor of grey and gold that would have rejected the eye of an artist, but the sight of which brought only sorrow to the hearts of the poor peasants, who were haggard for lack of sleepings, shown to save their little plots of millet and vegetables from further dwindling and withering before their eyes. Still the weeks passed, and there was no rain, only brilliant, scorching sunshine by day and the starlit heavens at night. That winter the dread famine came.

they handle little money, though they raise grain and vegetables sufficient for the needs of their family for the year. But it was not long before the cities felt the pinch, and the water-carrier's family shared in the general suffering. Day by day the supply of food, always of the coarsest and cheapest, grew less and less, until, instead of two meals a day, one only could be provided.

Chance of Salvation

When the Spring sunshine was beginning to make its warmth felt, and another Easter season had marked Ta Nu-Tzu's fourteenth birthday, there appeared what the distracted parents thought was a sure chance of salvation. A wealthy merchant who had made much money by surreptitiously trading in opium, had caught sight of Ta Nu-Tzu and had been much taken with her appearance. The two wives he already had were old and disagreeable, and he had a fancy for a young and cheerful face about his place. He would give the parents fifty dollars, and they could send the girl to him, and they thus would not only have money to buy food, but would have one less mouth to feed. The arrangement was a mutual one, all appearances, and seemed likely to go through. The girl was not only more virtuous than, but in every

times one cannot afford to drive a hard-to-talk business.

A most unexpected obstacle was encountered, however, when the arrange-

ment was told to Ta-Nu-Tsu. She screamed and shrieked in true Chinese fashion, and finally fell back on the stone steps. There she lay for three days without either eating or speaking, only thinking, thinking. How the idea first came, no one knows, but she seemed to see a ray of light in something she had heard about some foreigners, who lived on the outskirts of the city, and who had during the winter been sheltering a few of the children she had known, who had been discarded on account of their parents' inability to find food for them and unwillingness to see them die. But she had heard dreadful tales about the foreign devils who used Chinese people's hearts to make medicine and their eyes for telescopes, and she was torn between her fears.

Heard the Bell Ringing

As she lay in this unhappy state she heard the bell of the little Mission church ringing. It seemed to have a specially joyful sound, and with the hope springing up in her heart that after all the tales she had heard might not be true, she made up her mind to go there. The family had retired early, in the hope that sleep would stay the pangs of hunger, so she had a good opportunity to creep out quietly. Fearfully, she crept down the street, deserted in the darkness, and knocked at the gate of the Mission. She was admitted and told her story to a Chinese lady, who had been sent down from a College in Peking to be the teacher of the Female School, set up by the Mission. "Oh! don't send me back. If you do I must jump into the well. I cannot go that horrible man. I will work day and night and not eat anything more than just enough to keep me alive

"I only keep me here
one night."

Within His Rights
It was a difficult matter, for the law was on the side of the father, and he was quite within his rights in fixing his daughter's marriage in such a way. "Well, well," said the teacher, "tonight, you may sleep here and we will see what can be done." The next day, when the distracted parents received a visit from the Mission teacher, they were quite prepared

keep life in our bodies." "The child is ungrateful; she would have had food in plenty, and we should now starve" were their comments. The clouds lightened somewhat, however, when the missionaries promised "a little" of meat sufficient for the family's needs, until the new crops should be garnered; and after much persuasion, the matter was allowed to remain in abeyance, for the moment.

a sigh of relief. A Nu-
-life in the Mission; and

down to me in the Mission; and what a little heaven the clean Mission compound seemed, with its regular, though plain, meals and appointed times for each duty, and above all, the chance to learn to read! And what an interesting book out of which she learned to read! It was the Gospel of St. Matthew, and her heart opened to the teaching of that little book as a flower opens to the sun.

After eight months in the school, she was

transformed into a bright, bonny girl, and, being much older than the other children who had taken refuge in the Mission, was somewhat of a responsibility. There was a young man who was employed in the grounds of the Mission who had seen her several times going about her duties and was very anxious to marry her. Once again, this appeared as a satisfactory way out of the difficulties that surrounded her future. But this was not to be. On the same day that this young man was broadcast the faith, returned, this time with the command that the girl must be sent at once to the sea and that His desires, having been thwarted once, had grown all the stronger, and he was now prepared to give one hundred dollars for the girl. "But, I do not want to marry," said Ta Nu-Tzu. I want to learn, and then I want to preach," but the father was inexorable, and would only give in on one point, and that was that his daughter could stay at the mission until the marriage arrangement should

Poor little Ta Nu-Tzu! Now, in her youth, she had a good portion of the education of the mean; but now she had learned the meaning of life, and with the faith

her Heavenly Father.



How a simple "God bless you" resulted in a whole family coming to God

By CAPTAIN EVA LEADBETTER

know about father. And don't you suppose son that I feel this, knowing there is not a soul around this country that has any interest in us or will come to our house?" and the mother began to cry.

Arrived in town they pulled up by the Salvation Army Hall and soon found seats inside. They listened rather indifferently to the singing, prayers, testimonies and address—it was at least a change from sitting around all day Sunday out on the farm.

Neither the mother nor her son had come expecting to find them selves out there to shake hands with them, for they had become so used to receiving the cold shoulder on every side.

At the close of the meeting however, as they were going out, the lassie Captain was at the door and, taking the mother's hand, held it for a moment while she said a sincere "God bless you." Tears at once started from the mother's eyes, rolling down her cheeks, for she thought, "Oh it can be that there really is somebody that cares!"

Aching Heart Comforted

Moved by a sudden impulse, she said to the sweet faced young Officer, "Would you please come to see me?" Her aching heart was somewhat comforted as the Captain quickly replied, "Why certainly, I'll come to see you tomorrow. Where do you live?" She told the Captain she lived out in the country but would gladly send the car for her if she would only visit their home. So it was quickly arranged and next day the Captain made the trip out to the farm. Arriving at the house she could see her visit was more than welcome by all. She also instinctively felt that a great heartache was there.

These words "God bless you," in the Hall had touched the mother in a wonderful way, and had inspired her a confidence that somehow this Officer would not turn her down, but would sympathise with her, so she was soon pouring out her tale of sorrow.

Three years before, the father had committed a crime for which he was sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary. He had been taken away from his family who were left in shame and disrepute while he spent three weary years behind the bars. The Captain did sympathise with the mother, and told her of the Saviour who came to heal the broken-hearted. After prayer and more words of comfort, she invited the mother to come again to the Army and to bring more of her family, which she promised to do.

"Well John, I'd like to get away somewhere myself, but where can we go? You know just as well as I do it's no use to call at any of our neighbors, for they show too clearly that they don't want us."

"Oh well, I've just got to get out of this somewhere tonight. There's nothing in the religion they have in the church, but how will it be if I get out the window and drive over to hear a little singing anyway?"

" Didn't I tell you the last time we went there it was my last, for since father has gone the people even in church stand off and look at us all as if we were criminals No! I won't go there, but some place we've never been yet, that's Salvation Army there in town. I wouldn't so much mind going there for, seeing they don't know us, maybe they won't turn us down so bad."

Desperate for a Change

This whole family of fourteen were Mormons. John did not believe in, and was not looking for anything in the way of religion, but, being desperate for some change, he jumped up from his chair and said "Alright ma, it's a go! I'll have a little change, and see the nice those Army folks make. I'll have the car around to the front door in about ten minutes." So the mother and her son were soon in the automobile spinning along the country road into town.

"I don't see anyway why folks round here have to shun us all as they do. What have we done that they give us all the cold shoulder? Why, the fellows didn't even want Sam and I in that baseball team they're organizing over at the school."

"I know John, it's pretty hard, but the only thing I can see is to grin and bear it the best we can and maybe after a while we can sell the farm and move away from here to some place where people don't

they were anxious to get into the uniform. The main cause of their anxiety to be enrolled was that they wanted to visit their father in the penitentiary, wearing the red guernseys, and tell him of what a change had come into their lives. This face; she did, visiting him a number of times.

In the meantime, the changed and more cheerful condition of the two converted sons helped other members of this family to make frequent visits to the Army Hall, until one by one, the mother and her children had known the Mercy Seat, and their stand in the Corps. Words would fail to express the joy that came into each heart as they realized they had found a Friend who is a friend indeed, and it was such a comfort to know there was a place of worship where they were welcome in spite of the fact that their father was in the penitentiary and they had all been Mormons. One of the boys took such pleasure in trying to prepare

a smile of thankfulness spread over her face; she dropped into a chair and began to weep too overcome to read the message aloud. One of the boys took the telegram from her and read aloud, "Today your husband is free. Send someone to accompany him home," and he had only served a very short period of his sentence "Oh God has answered our prayers, God has answered our prayers and father is coming home," were the spoken or unspoken words of every member of that family, and great was their gratitude to Him.

No time was lost in dispatching one to bring the father home, where he was greeted at the station by many curious people.

Immediately, his health began to improve, so that inside of two weeks, when the rest of the family urged him to go along with them to The Army meeting, he consented.

Did Not Grasp It

When his sons had visited him in prison at different times, telling him of the great change which had come into their lives and how they knew Jesus and their personal Saviour he listened but was not able to take it in. A few days at home was enough to show him that a wonderful change had come in his whole family during his long absence, but still he did not grasp the meaning of it.

On the Sunday night as he sat in this fine Army meeting, he had ever attended, when the opportunity for testimony was given the first to rise were the two sons who had been the first converts in the family. As the father sat there listening to the words of praise from his boys' lips, the tears rolled down his cheeks. Soon the wife rose, gave her testimony and thanked God for the marvelous way in which He had helped her, and while she spoke the father sat with bowed head weeping. He looked back upon the years of his life when he had never been taught it was possible to know Christ as our Saviour. He looked upon his unhappy years spent in prison.

One day a message arrived which read, "Your husband is seriously ill, will you come?" The mother went at once and found him very ill indeed. She begged of the prison officials permission to take him home, where she might care for him until he died, but this was refused. Though she returned home with a broken heart yet there was still the determination, in some way to bring about her husband's release.

A petition was got up, signed and sent to Ottawa, asking that the sick man be allowed to go home, only to be refused. Again the wife visited her husband and tried to prevail upon the prison officials to let her bring him home, and met with further refusal.

Urged Her to Trust

On arriving back in town she called at the Officers' quarters in a broken hearted condition and said, "Oh, it is of no use. I see I can do nothing, and I feel I cannot even go to see him again after raising his hopes so much about bringing him home." The Officers prayed with her, advised her not to lose courage, but to remember that if it was God's will that her husband should return home He would over-rule all things and open up the way. The whole family were in great sorrow because of the father's condition, but they kept on every day praying God to hurry to open the way and let the father return home.

One morning before breakfast a telegram was delivered at the home. With trembling hands the mother opened it, fearful lest it would contain the words, "Your husband is dead." Those of the family who were up stood anxiously waiting to hear the message, and the seconds seemed as an age. As they watched her

she gradually the truth of the story of Salvation began to dawn upon him.

The Officer who was leading the meeting read from the word of God, pointing out to all the way of the Cross, and the Prayer Meeting was entered into with much feeling. When the invitation was given the father at once made his way out to the Penitent Form and, kneeling there, wept as if his heart would break. He prayed God to pardon his terrible past.

(Continued on page 13)

Consider The Lilies

(Continued from page 12)

She had kept faith with her hardly made resolution and had cast religion from her life, but today, for the first time in seven years, loving thoughts of the man she had rejected came to her and she sobbed in her grief and loneliness. "Oh, Kenneth, I love you still. Why did my selfish wickedness make me lose you?"

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Grant watched with eager, yearning hopefulness to see if Miss Graham would attend the service. She was rewarded and overjoyed when she saw her enter with Mary Newton.

To a casual observer, Miss Graham appeared calm and indifferent, but she was far from feeling so for many reminiscent thoughts of past bitter memories were surging through her heart.

Her reverie was broken by the voice of the speaker. She looked up in a startled way. Surely her senses were betraying her, for there on the platform stood Kenneth Murray. What did it mean? Why was he there, and why was he in Officer's uniform? There must be some mistake.

When the people rose to sing, she moved mechanically with them. Then, as though some strange magnetic power thrilled her being, she was impelled to raise her eyes, only to meet those of Kenneth Murray fixed intently upon her.

After the singing, as with bowed head she listened to his prayer, the pent up sorrow of the years broke, and tears trickled through her gloved fingers that were pressed to her burning face.

Listening to his address, with its sublime and wonderful message of a risen Lord, she thanked God that she had come out of her grave of pride and selfishness where, during these bitter years, the best joys of her life had lain buried.

When the service was over, she hurried to the door, but Mrs. Grant barred the way with outstretched hand, yet before she uttered a word of greeting Miss Graham said earnestly: "I have considered the lilies,

you see, and I thank them and you for being the means of resurrecting my better self. I do not wish my flowers returned. Keep one pot of them for yourself."



She could only whisper brokenly: "Oh, Kenneth, forgive me!"

and send the others where they will bring most joy. You know best where that will be. Then will you come again to see me?"

THE
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To All Our Friends

IT is impossible in any one issue of our paper to touch all or even the main activities of The Salvation Army. Our Easter and Christmas Numbers reach thousands of friends who would, we are sure, like to have more news of what God is helping the Organization to do for the betterment of the world. The "War Cry" may be obtained weekly from local Corps, or by subscription sent direct to the Publisher, 317 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

The Salvation Army stands for the maintenance of the Home, for Thrift, for Truth, for Temperance, for Purity, for Kindness to man and beast. It knows no barriers, its influence is world-wide.

* * *

The Salvation Army is rendering an international service in showing how love of mankind can leap over national boundaries and triumph over narrow separation. Many who previously scoffed now honor and respect it.

"I will," said the loving little woman, while her heart overflowed with unspoken gratitude to God for His goodness in using her to help one of His creatures.

Miss Graham's one desire was to reach home quickly, for she felt that she could bear no more. The refrain in her heart was "I have seen him again." Then, questioningly, "Will he come?" She kept after nating between home and despair, but hope triumphed when early that afternoon she saw him coming over the hill that led to her home. She was in such a tremor of excitement and joy that she felt almost unable to meet him but when he clasped her hand in greeting, and she heard his low-breath'd "Margaret," and felt the longing during the years of separation in that whispered word, she could only whisper brokenly "Oh, Kenneth, forgive me."

"I did that long ago, Margaret," he answered, in the kind, deep, earnest voice that she remembered so well.

She led him to the same, beautiful room where the lilies had breathed their message to her.

Standing before her, he said eagerly: "I have come back to you. All these years I have never ceased to love you and to pray for you. Your heart has been hardened against God and man, but when I looked into your eyes today, I saw that you had changed. Then, when Mrs. Grant, in her joy and gladness, told me the story of your lilies, my heart was filled with hope. Seven years ago you refused me because I decided to enter the ministry, but now, I ask, will you be the wife of an Officer in The Salvation Army, whose field of ministry is any place in all the world, where service in the Lord's work is required?"

"Yes, and honoured in being so," she answered, with a complete surrender of the old life, and entire consecration to the new.

"Thank God," was his joyous answer. Then he added: "May the lilies of love, faith, and service fill all our lives."

His words fell like a benediction on her resurrected heart.

Though sorrowful over losing her husband, his wife was very thankful that, seeing it was God's will to take him, was allowed to die while down among their own people, and passed away a respected Christian man.

Returning home to the town where they had been converted, she and her children have been true Salvationists ever since, and one of the boys is now a Salvation Army Officer. The mother ever looks back to that first night in the Army Hall where those words, "God bless you," brought such comfort to her as she stood upon the way to herself and family being brought to God.

One incident in connection with this story must not be omitted.

One day while the Officer was cleaning the Hall an elderly woman came from a distance out of town, called at the Hall and said, "Is it really true that the family have become Christians?"

"Yes," answered the Officer.

"Well," said the woman, "If God can make them Christians He has chosen the worst in this country!"

The woman sat near the Penitent Form and when the Officer described to her how that family one by one had knelt there, and how the boys were taking a prominent stand, teaching Sunday School, playing in the Band, testifying and singing in Meetings, the tears rolled down this dear old woman's face, and she praised God and left in the hands of the Officer a donation towards the Salvation Army work.

Easter Thoughts

My soul is filled with gladness,
My heart to love reborn.
With joy of free redemption
This holy Easter morn.

The bliss of sins forgiven.
The peace, and calm, and rest,
And sacred, sweet communion
Is of all joy the best.

I see beyond earth's shadows.
A glorious home at last.
Where I shall dwell forever.
All pain and sorrow past.

My soul is filled with gladness,
To love and hope new born.
A living Lord and living
Is mine this Easter morn.

S. Jean Walker, Edmonton.

Easter Bells in China

(Continued from page 10)

the burden of her petition, and a merciful and compassionate God heard it and delivered her. The old man died about two months before the date fixed for the wedding. No one was really sorry—he reaped what he had sown—and in one little girl's heart there was a great joy. "Father, let me go," she said. "Just look upon me as already married, and let me be as the Bible says." She cried to the Lord. And so the superstitious father, feeling that his plans for her future were bound to be frustrated, let her go, and Ta Nu-Tzu got her chance.

She spent her fifteenth birthday, and the three consecutive ones, in the Home for girls that the Salvation Army has established in Peking, and this year she will celebrate the resurrection of our Lord in the Army's Training Garrison, learning the work of an Officer. She will then realize her heart's desire—"first learn, and then preach."

Conserving Wild Life in Canada's National Parks

By ALAN N. LONGSTAFF

CANADA'S experiment in the conservation of wild life has proven a valuable lesson to the world. No longer is it inevitable that the wild life of any country shall be absolutely wiped out by the advance of civilization; instead, even the shyest of our wild creatures can be induced to develop a friendship with mankind—to regard man as their friend rather than as a bloodthirsty animal with a gun.

See the Bighorns Grazing

A few years ago, none but the more adventurous hunter, who was content to spend days and possibly weeks in the attempt, could see the Rocky Mountain goat and bighorn sheep in their native element. Today the visitor to Jasper National Park, on the main line of the Canadian National Railways west of Edmonton, will find mountain sheep grazing contentedly almost on the railway right-of-way, while, with the aid of field glasses, he or she may discern the more timid goat making his way dexterously along precipitous ledges about the timber line where it seems no living thing could find a footing. And at any turn of the trail along which the visitor rides or drives he or she is likely to come upon bear, deer or moose.

A year ago, Col. S. Maynard Rogers, Superintendent of Jasper National Park, estimated that there were 10,000 mountain sheep and at least 5,000 goats within the confines of this, Canada's largest national park and game preserve. Caribou, black and brown bears were plentiful and individual specimens of the Bruin tribe were becoming such bold thieves that they were becoming a nuisance. Caribou and wapiti were increasing and the smaller fur-bearers were found in considerably greater numbers each year.

Armed with a Camera

The hunter of today as frequently arms himself with a camera and a roll of films, as with guns and ammunition when he goes hunting for big or small game. The joy of hunting is in the chase rather than in the slaughter, and the trophies in the form of natural history photographs are as valuable and enjoyable as in the form of heads and horns. To secure a good photograph of a mountain goat requires as much and probably more skill and ingenuity than to "pot" the same animal with a rifle—and camera hunting is becoming more and more a favorite sport with those Canadians who have learned to treasure our remaining big game as a heritage to be handed down to posterity rather than something for this generation alone.

Stirring Tales of Army Warfare in Many Lands

(Continued from page 5)

natives. His health being undermined through repeated attacks of Malaria, he was forced to return to his home, in London, Ont. It happened that I was stationed there at the time, and when young Rutherford felt a bit better, he came to the Citadel and gave us a most interesting account of his work in Africa.

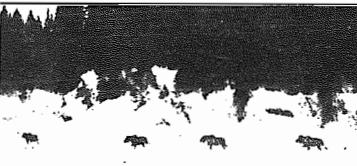
He seemed to be getting all right again, when the news came to me that the fever had returned and that he was dying in the hospital, and desired to see me. Poor Rutherford, it seemed so sad, such a young life passing out so soon. I took him by the hand and asked him how he was. He said, "The doctor gives me no hope, but if God spares me, I shall go back again to my boys (the natives)". He was happy to realize that he had been able to spend at least three years on the mission field, and rejoiced that God had used him in leading many natives to Christ. A few hours after, they phoned from the hospital that Rutherford had passed from his realm.

A missionary whom he had worked with came down from Toronto to conduct the funeral, and while speaking at the service in the house, he told the following story. "When I was working in a new field of operations among the natives in Africa, a little child of the tribe died. As the little one had attended my meetings I gave it a Christian burial. The mother and other women were, as usual, giving vent to their grief in loud wails and groanings. I tried to show them, by the Scriptures, that if they would serve the Lord of Life, when they died they would have a glorious resurrection and meet each other in the Beautiful Land beyond."

"While I was speaking, two native lads slipped away and presently came back to the graveside. One had in his hand a branch he had broken off a tree, the other had an earthenware jar. By this time the grave was filled in. One lad stuck the branch at the head of the grave; the other broke the earthen jar at the foot. I thought my talk and explanation of the Scriptures had been of no avail, and that they were carrying out again their heathen practices. When the crowd had gone, I said to the two native boys, 'Why did you do this?' Their faces lit up, and their eyes kindled kindly

Canada began her protective work with the creation of sanctuaries for certain forms of wild life native to the country which were in danger of being wiped out. The first of these sanctuaries was Elk Island Park, 16 square miles in extent, established in 1904 for the protection of a band of elk which were found to be living in the vicinity of Lamont, in northern Alberta. Elk, or wapiti, had been plentiful in Western Canada decades ago, but they were rapidly disappearing and when this last herd was discovered, steps were taken to preserve it.

The disappearance of the buffalo is one of the tragedies of the march of civilization in Western



The March of the Moose, a remarkable picture of these shy, wary animals

Canada, for no species of big game had ever been found in such enormous numbers.

In 1907 an opportunity was presented to purchase a herd of 716 buffalo and these were enclosed in a great park, over 100,000 square miles in extent, behind strong wire fences. Today, there are over 8,000 buffalo in the herd at Wainwright.

In 1910 it was decided to make the great scenic National Parks sanctuaries in other than name, and a very effective game patrol system was established. As a result wild life has increased on every hand, and there has been noticeable trek of wild animals from the unpatrolled regions outside of the boundaries.

Everybody the tourist in the National Parks today, he finds the animals roaming about unfraid. Game animals and birds no longer seek safety in flight at the sight or smell of humans but in many cases remain placidly till the visitor comes within a few feet

when they explained, 'You see Umfundi, when you told us the wonderful story of the Resurrection, that the body would rise again, we broke the earthen jar to represent the broken body that had done its work and was no more use, but we also got the limb from a tree whose branches will take root, and stuck it at the head of the grave where it will rise up and become a great tree, which represents the great Resurrection and new life you were speaking about.'

So my words were not lost, I went on with my work with renewed hope and courage, and I am glad to say was able to win many for Him who said "I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."



Seeing a constable coming, she made for the Army Hall

(See "The Taming of a Wild Woman")

of them. At Jasper National Park, the black, brown and cinnamon bears have constituted themselves the scavengers of the village, and daily may be seen running through cans and jars at the garbage dumping grounds in search of toothsome morsels of jam or honey. As many as eight or ten members of the bear family may often be surprised at such a feast, and the advent of a visitor means only a temporary suspension in their meal.

Set Aside Game Reserves

The Dominion and Provincial Governments have set aside altogether more than 30,000 square miles as game reserves, and as the success of these is demonstrated it may be expected that wherever such action may be necessary, further steps will be taken along the same lines. In Manitoba, the Provincial Government has established game reserves on the Dominion forest reserves and has set aside altogether over 5,000 acres for the preservation of wild life. In some cases the killing or hunting of wildfowl is absolutely prohibited, and thus, important feeding and breeding grounds are saved to the wild fowl, thus maintaining an adequate supply in the province.

The Federal Government is taking steps for the preservation of woodland caribou, of which it is estimated there are probably 30,000 roaming in the far north, and the muskox, which is of great value on account of its wool, will also be protected from extinction.

Preventing Extinction of Wild Life

Years ago, Canada was the last refuge of many of the wild animals, but because of the advance of civilization in this country the habitations of the big game were gradually taken over for settlement and the animal life was being pushed further and further back, or inexorably wiped out. The beautiful passenger pigeon, whose great flights once seemed to darken the sky, has by ruthless slaughter become but a memory; the Great Auk and the Labrador Duck have gone beyond recall, and the buffalo, elk and antelope were following in their wake when the governments stepped in to prevent their extinction. But today, because of the action taken, the Canadian and his visiting cousins from other countries, can enjoy seeing the wild animals and birds in their native habitat and can thus derive educational value as well as enjoy a feeling of pride that his country has retained for posterity some of the things that were part of the everyday life of our earlier settlers.

Modern Miracles of Regeneration

(Continued from page 6)

THE TAMING OF A WILD WOMAN

THEY were driving her from town to town—a poor abandoned prostitute. She was utterly without shame, and completely given up to the devil. She considered the police as her natural enemies, foolish men as her lawful prey, and religious folk as a butt for her sarcasm. One night, she arrived in the town of L—— as the Salvation Army was holding an open-air meeting. She thought she would herald her arrival by having some fun with the Salvationists, and so for a while she danced around the ring cursing them loudly, and making all the disturbance she possibly could. They didn't take much notice of her beyond praying that she should turn from her evil ways, and then off they marched to the Hall.

The police had noticed her, however, and seeing a constable coming her way, the poor creature made for the Army Hall, where she thought she would be safe for a while. The Officer who read the lesson that night, told the story of Belshazzar's impious feast and urged the sinners present to stop in their mad career of rebellion against God, lest sudden judgment overtake them. The warning came with power to the heart of the desperate woman at the back of the Hall. She saw in a moment the awful record of her life, and in that same moment she saw that there was forgiveness even for her. With convulsive sobs shaking her poor worn-out frame she rose from her seat and rushed forward to the penitent form.

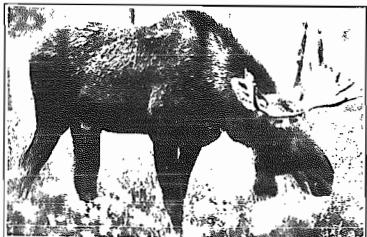
Oh let me kiss thy bleeding feet!
And bathe and wash them with my tears,
could well have been the language of the repentant Magdalene's heart that eventful night, as she knelt at the feet of Jesus; and can we not imagine the Saviour saying to her as He said to that other woman who was a sinner, "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

She arose from her knees a humbled, penitent and forgiven woman, but all she could say through her tears was, "I am saved." A Soldier took her to her own home for the night, and a few days later she went to work in the household of a Salvationist who resided some distance in the country, there to forget the black past and to learn more of Him who had now become to her "The Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning star, the fairest of ten thousand to her soul."

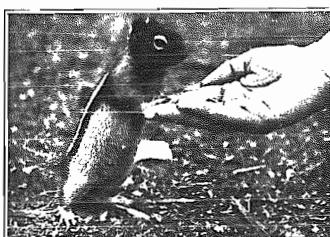
WILD LIFE IN CANADA'S NATIONAL PARKS



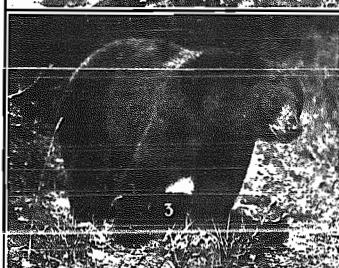
Wapiti calling its Mate



Father Moose



Let's be Friends



1—A timid Deer at Jasper



2—Mountain Goats



4

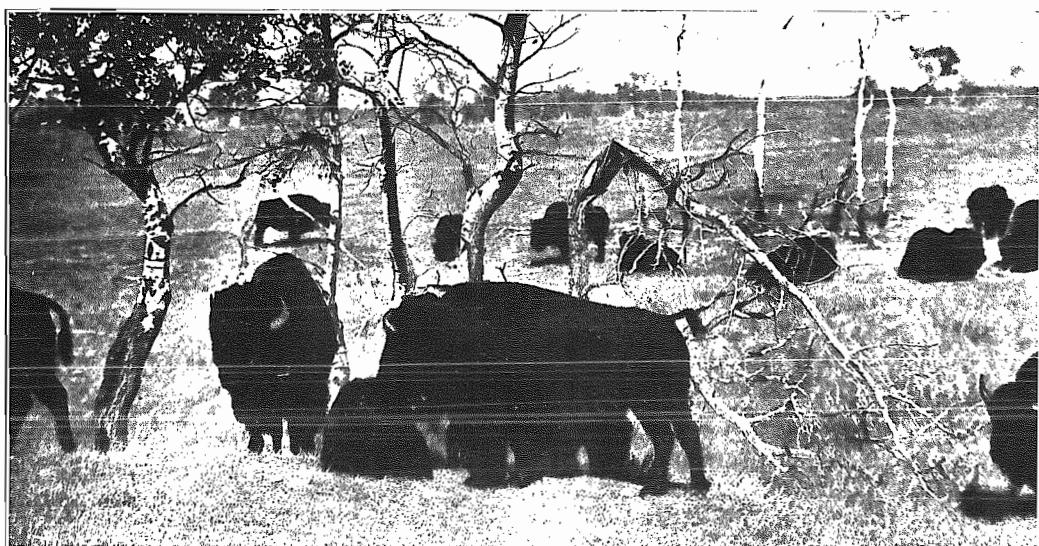


5

3—Brown Bear

4—Bruin up a Tree

5—Bighorn Sheep



Buffalo in Waterton Park, Alberta. Remnants of the once mighty herds which roamed the Prairies

C.N.R. Photo

The Crucifixion of Jesus Christ



All the way to Calvary He went for—you

"And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left. Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment and cast lots."—LUKE xxiii. 33-34.